

THE PROTESTANT DIVINE COMEDY *A CASE OF PROTESTANT DYSPEPSIA*



Even conceding him some sparks of mental brilliancy, Nietzsche was no more than another victim of philologist-dogmatician Exegesius Sitzimleben & Co.: “*As a philologist and man of words...*” I can hardly imagine how this Polish-German madman could have ever performed any attempt of self-criticism, being no more than an Exegesius’ disciple, that is to say: A mere papyrus-scrapper, a pedantic swallower of words, and this by public confession. As if the Greatness of Christianity rests upon seminarians’ exegetical manoeuvres! Thus intoxicated by drinking ink and by eating vegetal tissues – no other thing words and papyruses are —, this son of the Reformation, say I, is in need of gastro-intestinal medicines to cope with such a *mortal delicatessen* from Exegesius Sitzimleben’s cookery.

Small wonder, then, if Catholics reproach Luther and his untenable¹ *free exam of the Scriptures* and the *universal priesthood of believers* for driving everyone into a gross atheism.

Humbly,

Your mean, base, useless servant,

Il signore Pecorelli, tuttologo e pittore rumoroso.

